THE CAMPAIGN.

A POEM,

To His Grace the DUKE of

MARLBOROUGH.

By Mr. *ADDISON.*

——Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditq; Senator
Votáq; Patricio certant Plebeia favori.

Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

LONDON:

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EXPEDITIO MILITARIS
ADDISONIANA,

POEMA,

DUCI de

MALBOROUGH

INSCRIPTUM.

Latinè reddidit, **T. G.**

Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit
Fixerit æripedem cervum licèt atq; Erymanthi,
Placârit nemora, et Lernam tremefecerit arcu.

Virg. Æneid. lib. 6.

———*Nec desilies imitator in arctum.*

Horat. de Art. Poet.

LONDINI:
Impensis R. G. M D CC VIII.
19. Februar. 9

The Campaign.

A

POEM,

To His GRACE the

Duke of *MALBOROUGH*, &c.

WHile Crouds of Princes Your Deserts proclaim,
Proud in their Number to enrol Your Name;
While Emperors to You commit their Cause
And *ANNA*'s Praises crown the vast Applause,
Accept, Great Leader, what the Muse recites,
That in Ambitious Verse attempts Your Fights;
Fir'd and Transported with a Theme so new:
Ten thousand Wonders op'ning to my View
Shine forth at once, Sieges and Storms appear,
And Wars and Conquests fill the important Year;
Rivers of Blood I see, and Hill of Slain,

Expeidtio

Expeditio Militaris.

POEMA,

DUCI de

MALBOROUGH, &c.

DUm tua Teutonici *proclamant Facta* Dynastæ,
Ordinibus Te adscire suis, numeroq; superbi;
Imperii et Causam Tibi credit Cæsar, & Anna
Applausum Europæ supremâ Laude coronat;
Tu tenuem Musæ ne dedignere Coronam,
Quam meditando tuas, Dux invictissime, *Pugnas,*
Rapta furore parat. Quanta, ah! Miracula Rerum
Attonitos subito præstringunt lumine visus!
Castrorum assultus, Urbes ferroq; fameq;
Obsessas, sanie Campos, stagnata Cruore
Flumina, et aspicio Cæsorum surgere Montes!

An Iliad riſing out of One Campain.

The Haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring Pride
His ancient Bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry Side,
Pirene's lofty Barriers were ſubdu'd,
And in the midſt of his wide Empire ſtood;
Auſonia's States, the Victor to reſtrain,
Oppos'd their *Alps* and *Appenines* in vain;
Nor Found themſelves, with ſtrength of Rocks im-
(mur'd,
Behind their Everlaſting Hills ſecur'd;
The riſing *Danube* its long Race began,
And half its Courſe through the new Conqueſt ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her Sov'raign's Fates,
Gremania trembled through a Hundred States;
Great *Leopold* himſelf was ſeis'd with Fear,

Ipſa

Ipſa Annum expandit Victoria Cæde rubentem
Ilias exoriturq; recens; ſed nullus Homerus.

Viderat extendi celſâ de ſede ſuperbus
Undiq, Finitimis Lodoix *ſua Regna ſubactis;*
Stant lati medio Imperii, quâ Terminus olim,
Jam domita, et Clauſtris juga Pirenæa *revulſis;*
Quin et Victori Pater Appenninus *et* Alpes
Nequicquam obſtiterant; reſeratis Rupibus omnis
Auſonia *apparet, Populis nec profuit iſtis*
Montibus æternis, Scopulorumq; obice cingi;
Incipit ingentem Curſum jam Gallicus *Iſter,*
Et plus Dimidio captivis volvitur undis,
Externas voces, vultuſq; per Oppida miraus;
Totaq; jamjudum Regum de ſorte ſuorum
Anxia per centum trepidat Germania *Gentes;*
Ipſe Leopoldus *communi inſtante Ruinâ*

He gaz'd around, but saw no Succour near,
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to Despair
His Hopes on Heav'n, and Confidence in Pray'r.

To *Britain*'s Queen the Nations turn their Eyes,
On Her Resolves the Western World relyes,
Confiding still, amidst its dire Alarms,
In *ANNA*'s Councils, and in *Churchill*'s Arms:
Thrice Happy *Britain*, from the Kingdoms rent,
To sit the Guardian of the Continent!
That sees her Bravest Sons advanc'd so high,
And Flourishing so near her Prince's Eye;
Thy Fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's Sport,
Or from the Crimes, or Follies of a Court,
On the firm Basis of Desert they rise,
From long try'd Faith, and Friendship's Holy Ties:

Attonitus, nequicquam avido vorat omnia visu ;
Portum in conspectu Nullum! Spes Una recursat
Ad superos, tandem non cassa in Vota vocatos.

Interèa ad Britones *respectant undiq; Gentes,*
Omnis et Unius *consultis nititur Orbis*
Occiduus, confisus adhuc Felicibus ANNÆ
Auspiciis, Dextrâq; tuâ, Fortissime Ductor.
Felix finitimis divulsa Britannia *Regnis,*
Ut Custos eadem sedeas, atque arbitra Pacis!
Quæq; tuos cernis Natos, ut quisq; meretur,
Principis aspectu passim florere sub ipso ;
Non tibi Magnates, sortis Ludibria surgunt,
Conflati ex Vitiis, ut fungi, et sordibus Aulæ ;
At meritis fultos, Rerum ad Fastigia tollunt
In dubiis spectata Fides, et cognita Virtus :

Their

Their Sov'raign's well-diſtinguiſh'd ſmiles they ſhare,
Her Ornaments in Peace, Her Strength in War,
The Nation thanks Them with a Publick Voice,
By ſhow'rs of Bleſſings Heav'n approves their choice;
Envy it ſelf is dumb, in Wonder loſt,
And Factions ſtrive who ſhall applaud 'em moſt.

Soon as ſoft Vernal Breezes warm the Sky,
Britannia's Colours in the Zephyrs fly,
Her Chief already has his March begun,
Croſſing the Provinces Himſelf had Won;
Till the *Moſelle* appearing from afar,
Retards the Progreſs of the Moving War:

Magnanimæ Solium cicumſtant Principis altum,
Et bene collatos partitur quiſq; Favores,
Ornamenta Aulæ procera, et Robora Belli:
Communi applaudunt aſſenſu Publica Vota,
Delectumq; probat crebris Succeſſibus Æther;
Impar congreſſu, deponit ſpicula Livor,
Concedítq; libens meritis, vinciq; fatetur;
Et Quæq; inter ſe certatim Factio laudat.

Vix tepuit vernis renovatus Solibus Annus,
Brutigenûmq; *Cruces paſſim fluitare per auras*
Cernere erat; Dux ipſe jubet tum Caſtra moveri,
Immenſáſq; plagas Regionum Milite prompto
Præterit, atq; Urbes nuper Sibi Marte receptas,
Cum procul inſurgens ſubito torrente Moſella,
Captivo tardat nequicquam Flumine Bellum

And

Delightful Stream, had Nature bid her fall
In distant Climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a Purchase to the Sword she lies,
Her Harvest for uncertain Owners rise,
Each Vineyard doubtful of its Master grows,
And to the Victor's Bowl each Vintage flows:
The discontented Shades of slaughter'd Hosts,
That wander'd on her Banks, her Heroes Ghosts
Hop'd, when they saw *Britannia*'s Arms appear,
The Vengeance due to their great Deaths was near.

Our God-like Leader, e'er the Stream He past,
The mighty Scheme, of all his Labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous Year within his Thought;
His Bosom glow'd with Battles yet unfought:
The long laborious March he first surveys,

Fortunate

Fortunate Amnis! ſiquâ regione remotâ
Non tam vicinis poteras Te volvere Gallis.
At nunc aſſiduis Divus violare Rapinis;
Heu! neſcis tam culta quibus meſſoribus arva
Humectes, cui Victori Vindemia ſpumet.
Ut verò Manes, qui tunc in margine denſi,
Errabant, paſſi ob Patriam per vulnera mortem,
Externum adventare Ducem, et Brittannica *circum,*
Arma vident; noſcunt omen, nunc affore tempus,
Quo veniat tantis promiſſus Cladibus ultor.

Sed non ante velit fluvium tranare Sonantem,
Singula quàm ſecum Ductor Diſcrimina belli
Ponderet, et fœtum cæcis Eventibus Annum:
Tunc initæ nondum gliſcunt per pectora Pugnæ.
Difficiles aditus primùm, anfractúſq; viarum

And

And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,
Between whose Floods such pathless Forests grow,
Such Mountains rise, so many Rivers Flow:
The Toil looks lovely in the Hero's Eyes,
And Danger serves but to enhance the Prize.

Big with the Fate of *Europe* he renews
His dreadful Course, and the proud Foe pursues:
Infected by the burning Scorpions Heat,
The sultry Gales round his chaf'd Temples beat,
Till on the Borders of the *Maine* He finds
Defensive Shadows, and refreshing Winds;

Mente

Mente obit, at Mænum conjungit Fluctibus Istri.
Heu! quot inaccessi vastâ regione videntur
Pandere se saltus, atq; invia Lustra Ferarum,
Surgere qnos Montes, quæ cernit Flumina volvi!
Non ulla avertit Facies spectata Laborum;
Crescit Laudis amor, quantum ipsa Pericula crescunt.

Ergo ubi jam toto digessit pectore Fatum
Europæ, magnâ Mens rerum mole laborat:
Acrior hoc, superat trajecto ponte Mosellam,
Post scopulos Hostem, sylvasq; et Flumina quærens.
Acer anhelantes Legiones verberat æstu
Sirius; ipsa Ducis cava tempora cuspide torto
Præstringit leviter morbosum ex æthere sydus.
Cum reficit tandem viridanti in margine Mænus,
Ramorum Officio, leniq; refrigerat aurâ,
At nova se facies rerum, et miserabilis offert;

Our

Our *Britiſh* Youth, with inborn Freedom bold,
Unnumber'd Scenes of Servitude behold,
Nations of Slaves, with Tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's Image more than half defac'd)
Hourly inſtructed, as they urge their Toil,
To prize their *QUEEN*, aud love their Native Soil.

Still to the riſing Sun they take their way
Through Clouds of Duſt, and gain upon the Day,
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly Coaſt,
With cooling Streams revives the fainting Hoſt,
That chearfully its Labours paſs'd forgets,
The Mid-night Watches, and the Noon-day Heats.

Servitii innumeras Pubes videt Anglica *ſcenas,*
Undiq; ſqualentes Habitus, et turpis egeſtas,
Immitiq; jugo paſſim liventia colla ;
Cuiq; ſtupet ſua mens, ſua marcent corpora cuiq;
Et plus dimidio deleta Creantis Imago ;
Mancipium *Gens tota fuit : Quid demoror ultra ?*
Talibus accenſi viſis, patriâq; feroces
Libertate fremunt indignanturq; Britanni.
Altiùs edocti, quó curſus altiùs urgent,
Ardebant Natale Solum, legéſq; Regentis.

Rurſus ſigna movent croceas Orientis in oras,
Anticipantq; diem, properantq; occurrere Soli,
Pulvereâ in nube, et ſalſo ſudore madentes ;
Excipit exhauſtos cum tandem Flumine amico
Neccarus, *et gelidis recreat liquidiſſimus undis.*
Continuo ex animis deleta incommoda longæ
Mille viæ, inſomnes Noctes, æſtuſq; diurni.

"O'er proſtrate Towns and Palaces they paſs,
(Now cover'd o'er with Weeds, and hid in Graſs)
Breathing Revenge; whilſt Anger and Diſdain
Fire ev'ry Breaſt, and boil in ev'ry Vein;
Here ſhatter'd Walls, like broken Rocks, from far
Riſe up in hideous Views, the Guilt of War,
Whil'ſt here the Vine o'er Hills of Ruins climbs,
Induſtrious to conceal, great *Bourbon*'s Crimes.

At length the Fame of *England*'s Hero drew,
Eugenio to the glorious Interview,

Hinc

Hinc non legitimo direptos Marte *Penates,*
Everſáſq; urbes, æquatáq; Culmina Cælis,
Nunc proſtata ſolo, tecta et ſurgentibus herbis
Præteriunt. Quem non moveat crudelis imago!
Vindictam ſpirans ſenſim per pectora çuíq;
Serpebat, veniſq; tumentibus æſtuat ira.
Hîc muri ingentes partim de ſede revulſi,
Aſpera ceu rupes quæ ſe projectat in æquor,
Horreſcunt longè et proclamant Crimina Belli:
Funditùs everſas aliâ de parte videres,
Montíſq; in ſpeciem cumulari ſaxa ruinis,
Quas ſuper inducit umbroſos vitis amictus,
Borbonios ſi quà poſſint celare reatus.

Et jam fama volat, Britonum cum milite prompto
Adventare Ducem; ſimul avolat obvius ire
Italus Eugenius, *ſociúmq; aſciſcere Belli;*

Great Souls by Inſtinct to each other turn,
Demand Alliance, and in Friendſhip burn;
A ſuddain Friendſhip, while with ſtretch'd out Rays
They meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze.
Poliſh'd in Courts, and harden'd in the Field,
Renown'd for Conqueſt, and in Council skill'd;
Their Courage dwells not in a troubl'd Flood
Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;
Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
Inflamed by Reaſon, and by Reaſon cool'd,
In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
And only in the Field of Battle ſhown:
To Souls like theſe, in mutual Friendſhip joyn'd,
Heav'n dares entruſt the Cauſe of Human Kind.

Britannia's graceful Sons appear in Arms,
Her Harras'd Troops the Heroe's Preſence warms.

Ut primùm radios oculorum, et lumina jungunt,
Magnæ Animæ certo Naturæ fœdere ſeſe
Protinus agnoſcunt, immiſcentúrq; tuendo;
Ambo pares meritis; regĕdi Duo fulmina Belli
In caſtris, Aulæq; ornati dotibus Ambo.
Non illis Virtus, toties ſpectata periclis,
Sanguinis ex vitio, tumidâve inflatur ab irâ;
Ipſam Animam pro ſede tenens obtemperat illi;
Colligit hinc ignes, iterúmq; reponit eoſdem.
Temporibus belli, et duro in certamine Campi
Inſignis; ſed pace, domi contenta latere:
Talibus inter ſe virtutum Fœdere junctis,
Securè ex alto Rerum tradantur habene.

Brutigenûm Pubes ſtabat generoſa ſub armis;
Infractaſq; animat præſentia tanta Cohortes.

Whilſt the high Hills and Rivers all around
With thund'ring Peals of *Britiſh* ſhouts reſound:
Doubling their Speed they March with freſh Delight,
Eager for Glory, and require the Fight.
So the ſtanch Hound the trembling Deer purſues,
And ſmells his Footſteps in the tainted Dews,
The tedious Track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the ſcent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,
Fir'd at the near Approach, he ſhoots away
On his full ſtretch, and bears upon his Prey.

The March concludes, the various Realms are paſt,
Th' Immortal *Schellenberg* appears at laſt:
Like Hills th' aſpiring Ramparts riſe on high,
Like Vallies at their Feet the Trenches lye,

Clamorem attollunt illi, quo protinus omnis
Intremuit Tellus; Fluvii montésq; reclamant.
Tum properè inſtaurant curſus, et ſigna movebant,
Arrecti laudum ſtimulis, pugnamq; requirunt.
Sic timidam damam ſequitur cum vividus Umber
Prima in rore legit veſtigia nare ſagaci,
Perplexúmq; indagat iter, lentéq; retexit;
Verùm ubi jam proprior, pandis exhaurit odorem
Naribus, infectáſq; auras; tum corpore præceps
Emicat, ore inhians et prædæ fervidus inſtat.

Cum via, tot tandem regnis poſt terga relictis,
Finitur: tollit ſe Schellenberga *minaci*
Aſpectu, Bardis *nunquam reticenda* Britannis.
Prærupti ut Montes, ſic Propugnacula circum
Apparent, quantùm et munitis turribus extant,
Ante pedes tantum videas ſubſidere vallum.

Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Paſs,
Threat'ning Deſtruction; Rows of hollow Braſs,
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep,
Whilſt in their Wombs ten thouſand Thunders ſleep:
Great *Churchill* owns, charm'd with the glorious ſight
His March o'er-paid by ſuch a promis'd Fight.

The Weſtern Sun now ſhot a feeble Ray,
And faintly ſcatter'd the Remains of Day,
Ev'ning approach'd, but oh! what Hoſts of Foes
Were never to behold that Ev'ning cloſe!
Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
The cloſe compacted *Britons* win their Way;

Defendunt

Defendunt aditus, hinc illinc molibus altis
Impoſitæ moles, centenæq; ordine certo
Bombardæ, quarum in gremio cæciſq; latebris
Sopitæ mortes, et Fulmina mille quieſcunt.
Quos ubi conſpexit ſedatâ mente paratus,
Speratámq; dari quærendis Laudibus anſam,
Brutigenûm agnoſcit Ductor, tantóſq; labores
Impenſáſq; viæ, magnâ mercede rependi.

Sol diſpenſabat radio languente diei
Relliquias, portámq; parabat claudere Cæli
Occiduam Veſper; tamen ah! quot millibus anté
Bellantûm æternâ claudentur Lumina nocte!
Agmine conferto Britones, *cuneiſq; coactis*
Expugnare viam, et ſtrictis mucronibus inſtant.
Deſuper ex altis tormenta Bavarica muris
Horrendùm intonuêre, accenſáq; Fulmina mittunt.

In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd
With Tracks of Death, and laid the Battle waſt,
Still preſſing forward to the Fight, they broke
Through Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke,
Till Slaughter'd Legions fill'd the Trench below,
And bore their fierce Avengers to the Foe.

High on the Works the mingling Hoſts engage,
The Battle kindled into Tenfold Rage,
With Show'rs of Bullets and with Storms of Fire
Burns in full Fury, Heaps on Heaps expire,
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly Die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous Carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their Doom,
New to the Field, and Heroes in their Bloom!

Deformant

Deformant Belli faciem, tum limite lato
Quæque metunt, et strage virûm circum omnia miscent.
Succedunt alii in pugnam, tela inter et ignes
Inpavidi, subeúntq; vices et Fata cadentûm:
Donec cæsa virûm complêrant corpora fossas,
Ultoréq; suos inimica ad mœnia tollunt.

Et nunc aggeribus valli concurritur ipsis,
Immiscentq; manus manibus; Pugna aspera surgit
Aucta furore novo; Tum ignitis glandibus imber
Ingruit, atq; metit (segetem ceu grando) cohortes.
Quot capita exhumeris dejecta, atq; artubus artus
Avulsi! totæ Gentes in morte volutæ
Proculcantur humo, et confusâ in strage jacebant.

Quæ Britonum Pubes, olim (si fata fuissent)
Heroes, heu nunc primis perière sub annis
Indignans quisq; et parmis inglorius albis!

Th'Il-

Th' Illuſtrious Youths, that left their Native Shore
To March where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O Fatal Love of Fame! O Glorious Heat
Only Deſtructive to the Brave and Great!)
After ſuch Toils o'ercome, ſuch Dangers paſt,
Streach'd on *Bavarian* Ramparts breath their laſt.
But hold, my Muſe, may no Complaints appear,
Nor blot the Day with an ungreatful Tear:
While MARLBRO lives *Britannia*'s Stars diſpenſe
A Friendly Light, and Shine in Innocence.
Plunging thro' Seas of Blood his fiery Steed,
Where e'er his Friends retire, or Foes ſucceed;
Thoſe he ſupports, theſe drives to ſudden Flight,
And turns the various Fortune of the Fight.

Forbear, Great Man, Renown'd in Arms forbear
To brave the thickeſt Terrors of the War,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in Crouds of Foes,

Linquebant

Linquebant natale Solum, dulcésq; Hymenæos,
Tendere, quà nunquam tendebant antè Britanni.
(Heu laudum fatalis amor! heu nobilis ardor
Non nisi Magnanimos perdens et fortiter Ausos!)
At nunc post tantos terrâq; marìq; labores,
Aggeribus fundunt animas per vulnera Boiis.
Sed quò, Musa, ruis? nullum illætabile murmur
Incestet lucem, luctúsq; accendat amaros.
Magnum nonne vides superare, et vescier auris
Malburium *æthereis? Nihil illo triste recepto.*
Ecce! ut per tepido rorantes Sanguine campos
Advolat acer equo, numeris succumbere turmas
Siquà videt, sistens pulsos, reprimènsq; sequentes;
Et quacúnq; viam secat, illac Pugna vacillat.

Cautiùs, ah! Ductor fortissime, cautiùs aude.
Nec caput objectare velis tot millibus unum.
Si non ulla Tui moveat Te cura Peri'cli,

Britannia's

Britanna's Safety, and the World's Repoſe;
Let Nations anxious for thy Life abate
This Scorn of Danger, and contempt of Fate:
Thou liv'ſt not for thy ſelf; thy QUEEN demands
Conqueſt and Peace from thy Victorious Hands;
Kingdoms and Empires in thy Fortune join,
And *Europe*'s Deſtiny depends on Thine.

At length the long-diſputed Paſs they gain,
By crowded Armies fortify'd in vain;
The War breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And ſee their Camp with *Britiſh* Legions fill'd,
So *Belgian* Mounds bear on their ſhatter'd Sides
The Sea's whole weight, encreas'd with ſwelling tides

Reſpicias

Reſpicias Mundi requiem Patriæq; ſalutem
Sollicitæ Gentes, quarum Fortuna fidéſq;
Te ſolum penes eſt, uno omnes ore requirunt,
Hunc tantum Lucis contemptum, et laudis amorem
Compeſcas, nimiúmq; ardorem in tela ruendi.
Non vivis Tibi, Magne, *Tuæ Tua Dextera Pacem*
Reginæ ſtabilem debet, lætóſq; Triumphos.
Imperii ſortem Regnorum et Fata canentes,
Te naſcente, tuis internevêre Sorores ;
Europæq; *tuo ſtamen de ſtamine pendet.*

Jámq; omnes aditus, vallíq; repagula rumpunt,
Et cuſtoditam tot fruſtrà millibus arcem :
Irrumpit Bellum, Bavarûmq; *Ferocia cedit,*
Ut ſua caſtra vident Britonum *Ferveſcere Turmis.*
Sic Batavæ *moles, concuſſis undíq; pilis,*
Suſtinuêre diu ſpumoſi verbera Ponti ;

But if the ruſhing Wave a Paſſage Finds,
Enrag'd by watry Moons, and warring Winds,
The trembling Peaſant ſees his Country round
Cover'd with Tempeſts, and in Oceans drown'd.

The few Surviving Foes diſpers'd in Flight,
(Refuſe of Swords, and Gleanings of a Fight)
In ev'ry ruſſling Wind the Victor hear,
And MARLBRO's Form in ev'ry Shadow Fear,
Till the dark Cope of Night with kind Embrace
Befriends the Rout, and covers their Diſgrace.

To *Donnawert*, with unreſiſted Force,
The gay Victorious Army bends its Courſe;
The Growth of Meadows, and the Pride of Fields
Whatever Spoils *Bavaria*'s Summer Yields,

Verùm

Verùm ubi jam rauco ventorum aut turbine Fluctus
Evicit vallum, aut lunis tumefactus aquosis;
Rusticus horrescens longè pecudésq; domósq;
(Ereptus vix ipse) videt torrente volutos
Auferri, Oceanóq; premi lata arva sonanti.

Relliquiæ cladis diversa per avia passim
Diffugiunt, timidisq; sonus cum Flamine quóq;
Visus adesse pedum tergóq; instare sequentes,
Malburiúmq; *suâ quísq; exhorrescit in umbrâ.*
Nox at amica fugæ tenebris circumvolat atris,
Horrorem involvens stragis, paritérq; timores.

Successu arrectæ, rebus jam luce retectis,
Brutigenûm *turmæ.* Donaverti *ad mœnia tendunt;*
Pratorum hîc spolia, et ditissima munera Bacchi,
Farráq; sudatásq; suo non vomere Messes

(The *Danube*'s great Increaſe) *Britannia* ſhares,
The Food of Armies, and Support of Wars:
With Magazines of Death, deſtructive Balls,
And Cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s Walls,
The Victor finds each hidden Cavern ſtor'd,
And turns their Fury on their Guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy Greatneſs croſt,
And all the gaudy Dream of Empire loſt,
That proudly ſet thee on a fancy'd Throne,
And made Imaginary Realms thy own!
Thy Troops, that now behind the *Danube* joyn,
Shall ſhortly ſeek for Shelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with Alarms,
Thou hop'ſt th' Aſſiſtance of the *Gallic* Arms;

(*Incrementum*

(Incrementum Iſtri) *paſſim rapiuntq; ruúntq;*
Subſidium in magnum belli, et penora ampla Manip'lis.
Tum Dux ipſe jubet ruptis Armaria clauſtris
Explorent, atq; indè globos, tormentáq; dira
(Everſura tuos olim, Landavia, *muros)*
Expromi, in Dominúmq; reum ſua fulmina verti.

Deluſe ah Princeps ! ubi nunc effugit imago
Regia, et Imperii quæ ſpes te vana fefellit;
Quam tibi fingebas, quæ te ſolioq; locabat
Egregio, tibi ſubjiciens non entia Regna !
Quin mox ille tuus, qui nunc ſparſa agmina jungit,
Flumina poſt Iſtri, *firmátq; Exercitus alas,*
Præſidium petet a Rheno, *rebúſq; ſalutem.*
Sed nec ibi inveniet : Te nunc terroribus actum
Anxilio ſpes una manet, mox affore Gallos ;

The *Gallic* Arms in Safety ſhall advance,
And croud thy Standard with the Pow'r of *Franc*
While to conſole thy Doom th' aſpiring *Gaul*
Shares thy Deſtruction, and adorns thy Fall.

Unbounded Courage and Compaſſion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the Victor's Mind,
Alternately proclaim him Good and Great,
And make the Heroe and the Man compleat.
Long did he ſtrive th' obdurate Foe to gain
By proffer'd Grace, but long he ſtrove in vain,
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to ſpare
His riſing Wrath, and gives a Looſe to War.
In Vengeance rous'd the Soldier fills his Hand
With Sword and Fire, and ravages the Land,
A Thouſand Villages to Aſhes turns,

Auxilio

Auxilio advenient Galli, *denſiſq; catervis*
Stipari exultans tua circum ſigna videbis,
Involviq; tuis, ſiqua eſt ea Cura, ruinis:
Hoc decus, hoc miſeræ ſortis ſolamen habeto.

At Ducis Angligenûm *mites in pectore ſenſus,*
Temperie juſtâ commixta et bellica virtus,
Alternis meritis Heroa *ad ſydera tollunt.*
Namq; viri miſerans ſortem, parcúſq; cruoris,
Tentabat cæptis veſanum avertere Boium,
Oblatâ veniâ nequicquam, et fœdere victis:
Obſtruit ille amens et fato debitus aures.
Tum verò indignans compeſcere longiùs iras,
Poſcit equum, Furiiſq; omnes effundit habenas.
Vindictæ accincti, partes graſſantur in omnes
Brutigenæ, *Facibuſq; manus atq; ignibus armant*
Continuò in cineres videas mille oppida verti,

In crackling Flames a Thouſand Harveſts burns,
To the thick Woods the woolly Flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing Herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling Lords the common Shades partake,
And Cries of Infants ſound in ev'ry Brake:
The liſt'ning Soldier fixt in Sorrow ſtands,
Loth to Obey his Leader's juſt Commands;
The Leader grieves, by gen'rous Pity ſway'd,
To ſee his juſt Commands ſo well obey'd.

But now the Trumpet terrible from far
In ſhriller Clangors animates the War,
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Conſort beat,
And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud Standards, to *Bavaria*'s join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lillies in the Wind,

Et todidem meſſes Flammis crepitantibus uri,
Attoniti ad ſylvas fugiunt' Armenta, gregéſq;
Balatu nemus omne ſonat ; ululatibus æther
Fæmineis ; mixtis reboant mugitibus antra :
Stant circùm pavidi agricolæ, mutiq; timore ;
Et paſſim occultus vageſcit ſepibus infans.
Longè haurit ſonitum miles, ſenſimq; liqueſcunt
Corda, et jam penè dolens mandata faceſſit ;
Ipſe quoq; immeriti fatum miſerabile vulgi ;
Dux miſerans, ſua penè dolet mandata faceſſi.

Cum ſubitò auditur mugire per æthera clangor
Terrificis lituis, et ranco pulſa tonare
Tympana conſenſu, longéq; accendere bellum :
Clamorem ingeminant valles, montéſq; reclamant.
Ecce omnis Bavaris *ſuccedit* Gallia *caſtris,*
Et ſua dat rapidis diffundere Lilia ventis,

The daring Prince his blasted Hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled Host he views
Stretcht out in deep Array, and dreadful Length,
His Heart dilates, and glories in his Strength.

The fatal Day its mighty Course began
That the griev'd World had long desir'd in vain:
States that their New Captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of Martyrs that in Exile groan'd,
Sighs from the Depth of gloomy Dungeons heard,
And Prayers in Bitterness of Soul preferr'd;
Europe's loud Cries, that Providence assail'd;
And *ANNA*'s Ardent Vows at length prevail'd;

Candorem niveum guttis violata cruentis.
Talibus auxiliis jam vultu erectior ibat
Dux Bavarûm; *ſpes mente novas, nova bella reſumit;*
Tam denſis cuneis, tantis extenditur alis
Formidanda acies; tumidus tum pectora faſtus
Diſtendit, tantiſq; exultat viribus ultró.

Et jam Magna dies (Fati ſic volvitur Ordo)
Vexatis terris longùm expectata propinquat.
Tot populi nuper ſervilia ſub juga miſſi;
Martyres innumeri pro relligione perempti,
Aut miſeram exilio vitam, luctúq; trahentes;
Auditiq; graves tenebroſo ex carcere planctus;
Inq; animæ mærore preces, lachrymæq; volutæ;
Et gemitus, Europa, *tui; præq; omnibus* una
Suppliciter venerans votis ardentibus Anna
Prorumpunt Cœlos tandem, et pia Numina flectunt.

The

The Day was come when Heav'n deſign'd to ſhow
His Care and Conduct of the World below.

Behold in awful March and dread Array,
The long Extended Squadrons ſhape their Way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious Horror to the Braveſt Hearts;
Yet do their beating Breaſts demand the Strife,
And Thirſt of Glory quells the Love of Life;
No vulgar Fears can *Britiſh* Minds control,
Heat of Revenge, and Noble Pride of Soul
O'er-look the Foe, Advantag'd by his Poſt,
Leſſen his Numbers, and Contract his Hoſt:
Tho' Fens and Floods poſſeſt the middle Space,

Ergo

Ergo hodiè abſolvet Superos Malburius *Enſe,*
Et Terræ agnoſcent, Cælis Mortalia curæ.

Aſpice, ut ultrices Legiones ordine longo
Procedunt, junctíſq; vomunt mucronibus ignes!
Inter utrámq; aciem Mortis præludit Imago;
Ancipitiq, metu vibrant fortiſſima corda.
Acriùs hoc inſtant omnes, et pectore anhelo
In pugnam ardeſcunt, luciſq; extinguit amorem
Magna ſitis famæ, landúmq; arrecta cupìdo.
" *Degeneres* Britonum *nil tangunt corda timores;*
Ergo avidi invadunt ſtrictis mucronibus Hoſtes
Præſtantes numero longè, et regione locorum.
Sed minuit numeros, et longas contrahit alas
Gloria calcar habens, atq; iræ vindicis ignis.
Prætereà flumen ruptis media omnia ripis
Poſſidet, et pigris ſtagnata paludibus arva,

That

That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to paſs;
Nor Fens nor Floods can ſtop *Britannia*'s Bands,
When Her proud Foe rang'd on their Borders ſtands.

But O, my Muſe, what Numbers wilt thou find
To ſing the furious Troops in Battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the Drum's tumultuous Sound
The Victor's Shouts, and Dying Groans confound,
The dreadful Burſt of Cannon rend the Skies,
And all the Thunder of the Battle riſe.
'Twas then great MARLBRO's mighty Soul was prov'd,
That in the Shock of Charging Hoſts unmov'd,
Amidſt Confuſion, Horror, and Deſpair,

Queis tutò poſſit vix ſeſe credere quiſquam;
At Britones *ſemel accenſos non ulla retardant*
Flumina, nec pigris ſtagnata paludibus arva,
Ulteriore vident ut ſtantes margine Gallos.

Sed quibus ab! numeris, quo tanto carmine poſſum
Bellantûm fremitus, et prælia mixta referre!
Jam mihi jam videor rauco pulſata tumultu
Tympana, commiſtóſq; ſonos in bella ruentûm
Auribus attonitis, gemitúſq; haurire cadentûm:
Fulmina dira rotant magno diſploſa fragore
Tormenta, et crebris impulſibus æthera rumpunt.
Nunc! Nunc! Malburii *quid bello Dextera poſſit,*
Cernitur, atq; ingens pacato in pectore virtus.
Aſpice, ut ipſe ſibi medio in certamine præſens,
Fulmineum terrorem inter, mediiſq; ruinis
Immiſcetur ovans! ut latâ ſtrage cruentàs

Examin'd

Examin'd all the Dreadful Scenes of War;
In peaceful Thought, the Field of Death ſurvey'd,
To fainting Squadrons ſent the timely Aid,
Inſpir'd repuls'd Battalion to engage,
And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
So when an Angel, by Divine Command,
With riſing Tempeſts ſhakes a guilty Land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* paſt,
Calm and Serene he drives the furious Blaſt;
And pleas'd th'Almighty's Orders to perform,
Rides in the Whirl-wind, and directs the Storm.

But ſee the haughty Houſhold-Troops advance!
The Dread of *Europe*, and the Pride of *France*.
The War's whole Art each private Soldier knows,

Expendit ſcenas, momentáq; ſingula pugnæ ;
Innumeras mortes ſedatâ mente peragrans !
Hîc levat auxilio feſſos, hîc voce fugatos
Siſtit, ſignificátq; manu, quà ferrere Pugna
Debeat, exemplo inſtans átq; hortatibus ipſe.
Sic Jovis imperio, cælis cum miſſus ab altis
Evertit meritas ventis ſurgentibus Urbes
Aliger, *aut quali concuſſa* Britannia *nuper*
Palluit ; ille ſedet candente in nube ſerenus,
Atq; alacer juſſis nimbos agit antè furentes,
Turbinéq; in medio volitans dat jura procellæ.

Huc geminas, huc flecte acies, hanc aſpice partem !
Agmina quà ſubeunt dubiæ Prætoria *Pugnæ,*
Ingentes Animæ, rebus ſpectata Juventus,
Europæ *terrior,* Galliq; *ſuperbia* Regis ;
Omnibus eſt ollis Ducis experientia, et omnes

And

And with a Gen'ral's Love of Conqueſt glows;
Proudly He Marches on, and void of Fear,
Laughs at the ſhaking of the *Britiſh* Spear:
Vain Inſolence! with Native Freedom brave,
The meaneſt *Briton* ſcorns the higheſt Slave:
Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his Arm th' important Day,
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:
A Thouſand glorious Actions, that might claim
Triumphant Laurels, and Immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crouds of glorious Actions lye,
And Troops of Heroes undiſtinguiſh'd die.
O *Dormer!* how can I behold thy Fate,
And not the Wonders of thy Youth relate!

Militiæ novit vel quisq; gregarius artes,
Non secus ac ductor, Palmæq; aspirat honores.
In bellum accedit tumidus, vacuusq; timoris,
Et Britonum *gladios, vibrataq; spicula, ridet.*
Vani hominum fastus! Britonum *quisq: infimus audet*
Libertate ferox, trabeato occurrere Vernæ.
Alternis vicibus furor et contemptus acerbat
Bellantes, Patriæq; accendit Gloria quemq;
Sic omnes pugnant, uni ceu credita Rerum
Summa fuit, Regniq; decus, fatumq; Monarchæ.
Mille utrinq; manu præclara atq; inclyta Facta,
Digna triumphali lauru, famâq; perenni,
Obnubunt præclara manu mille altera Facta,
Heroúmq; jacent confusâ instrage catervæ.
Tu tamen, ah! Musis unquámne indictus abibis,
Mi Dormere, *tuæ referam nec mira juventæ!*

How can I ſee the Gay, the Brave, the Young,
Fall in the Cloud of War. and lye unſung!
In Joys of Conqueſt he reſigns his Breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s Glory, ſmiles in Death.

The Rout begins, the *Gallic* Squadrons run,
Compell'd in Crouds to meet the Fate they ſhun;
Thouſands of fiery Steeds with Wounds transfix'd,
Floating in Gore, with their dead Maſters mixt,
Midſt Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,
Lye in the *Danube*'s bloody Whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold Youths, born on the diſtant *Soan*,
Or ſounding Borders of the Rapid *Rhone*;
Or where the *Sein* her flow'ry Fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding Vineyards glides;
In Heaps the Rolling Billows ſweep away,

And

Tene ego, quem voluit Natura excellere cunctis
Dotibus, aſpiciam tibi cæſos inter acervos
Oppetere ingentes, indefletúmq; relinqui!
Victrices laurus inter, Patriæq; triumphos
Antè videns, riſu morientia lumina claudis.

Quò ruitis Galli (non hæc promiſſa dediſtis
Dudum) quam fugitis, feſtini occurrere mortì?
Millia Quadrupedum trabali vulnere coſtas
Transfixa, effuſiq; equites ſimul inq; voluti,
Arma inter fractaſq; rotas deſciſſaq; ſigna,
Sanguineis animas Iſtri *ſub fluctibus efflant.*
Audaces Juvenes, genitos ubi Flumina longè
Volvit Arar, Rhodanive *Sonanti in margine rauci,*
Sequana *florentes vel quà diſcriminat agros,*
Aut Ligeris *vineta inter leni agmine ſerpit;*
In cumulis Iſter *vaſtâq; voragine ſorbet,*

And into *Soythian* Seas their bloated Corps convey
From *Bleinheim*'s Tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild Af-
(fright,
Beholds the various Havock of the Fight;
His waving Banners, that ſo oft had ſtood
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood,
So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,
And riſe Triumphant in the Fatal Breach,
Or pierce the broken Foe's remoteſt Lines,
The hardy Veteran with Tears reſigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard!* Oh who can name
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,
That with mixt Tumult in thy Boſom ſwell'd!
When firſt thou ſaw'ſt thy Braveſt Troops repell'd,
Thine Only Son pierc'd with a Deadly Wound,

Pontus

Pontus in Euxinum *liventia corpora volvens.*
Ipſe amens tantas longè latéq; ruinas
Francigenûm *Ductor* Blenhemmæ *ex arce videbat.*
Tum fato attonitus, campis vexillą cruentis
Quæ toties ſteterant, roratáq; Sanguine fruſtrá
Lilia, munitos hoſtes deprendere in arce
Aſſueta, et ruptis toties ſe figere muris,
Aut denſos penetrare globos, Bellíq; receſſus,
Ipſe ſuis manibus, lachrymis veteranus obortis.
Heu! dedit, Palmáſq; omnes pro luce reſignat.

Infelix Tallarde! *tuo quis pectore ſenſus,*
Quóſve premis gemitus! quantos ciet ira tumultus,
Ira, pudórq; ſimul; ferro fatíſq; domari
Agmina cum primùm fortiſſima quæq; videres!
Natum et (nunc nullum!) conjunx quem chara reliquit,

Choak'd in his Blood, and gaſping on the Ground,
Thy ſelf in Bondage by the Victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *Engliſh* Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
And in th' unhappy Man forgets the Foe.
Greatly Diſtreſt! thy loud Complaints forbear,
Blame not the Turns of Fate, and Chance of War.
Give thy Brave Foes their Due, nor bluſh to own,
The fatal Field by ſuch great Leaders won,
The Field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the Second Honours of the Day.

With Floods of Gore that from the Vanquiſht fell
The Marſhes ſtagnat, and the Rivers ſwell.
Mountains of Slain lye heap'd upon the Ground,
Or 'midſt the Roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;

Seminecem

Seminecem ſpoliatum armis, átq; ore cruento
Effundentem animam, Téq; ipſum compede vinctum!
Ingemuit Genitor, Dux et Captivus in uno.
Muſa Britanna *nequit tanto inſultare dolori,*
E miſeróq; libens acrem diſcrimĭnat hoſtem.
Ah, longé infelix! animi compeſce furores,
Nec bellum incuſes fruſtrà, revolutáq; fata;
Magnanimo Tuq; ipſe hoſti quæ debita redde,
Nec ducibus tantis pudeat te cedere victum
Sanguineos campos, unde Italus *ipſe ſecundam*
Eugenius *tantùm ſibi vendicat ordine Palmam.*

At ſanie, et plenis effuſo ſanguine rivis
Spumeſcunt caleſacti amnes, ſtagnantq; paludes;
Millia cæſorum montes cumulantur in altos,
Danubiúſve *rotat, verſantq; in littore venti.*

Whole Captive Hoſts the Conqueror detains
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains;
Ev'n thoſe who 'ſcape the Fetters and the Sword,
Nor ſeek the Fortunes of a happier Lord,
Their raging King diſhonours, to compleat
MARLBRO's Great Work, and finiſh the Defeat.

From *Memminghen*'s high Domes, and *Ausburgh*'s Walls,
The diſtant Battle drives th' inſulting *Gauls*;
Free'd by the Terror of the Victor's Name,
The reſcu'd States his great Protection claim;
Whilſt *Ulme* th' Approach of her Deliv'rer waits,
And longs to open her obſequious Gates.

Integra quæ reſtat Legio Captiva tenetur,
Serviles poſt terga manus innexa catenis:
Aut ſiqui elapſi vinc'lis, et cæde recenti,
In partes tranſi re novas fidiq; recuſent,
Exuit ipſe ſuus (ceu ſegnes) imprebus armis,
Dedecoratq; domi furiatâ mente Tyrannus;
Malburii *imperfecta foret pars nequa Triumphis.*

Direptam Auguſtam *(ſolo rumore fugati)*
Præcipites Bavari, Memmingaq; *mœnia linquunt:*
Mox legati adſunt utrâq; ex urbe profecti,
Velati ramis oleæ, veniamq; precantes:
Defende ah! facilis, ſolo quos nomine Victor
Servâſti, Cives ex ſervitute reductos:
Adventum ah! properes, Vindex fortiſſime, ſupplex
Ulma *rogat, portaſq; tibi jam pandere geſtit.*

The

The Heroe's Breaſt ſtill ſwells with great Deſigns,
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius ſhines:
If to the Foe his dreadful Courſe he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his March extends;
If Sieges in his lab'ring Thoughts are form'd,
Camps are aſſaulted, and an Army ſtorm'd:
If to the Fight his active Soul is bent,
The Fate of *Europe* turns on its Event.
What diſtant Land, what Region can afford?
An Action worthy his Victorious Sword?
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the Series of his Toils compleat?

Aſt alios Heros ſecum ſub corde volutat
Eventus, ſenſimq; intus calefacta tumeſcunt
Pectora, et in vultu rerum præludit imago.
Si rapidos curſus inopinum *tendit in hoſtem;*
Quot fluvii et montes, quantum telluris obitur!
Sin parat aſſultus, et vertere fulmine muros;
Caſtra expugnantur, replentur milite foſſæ,
Contritîſq; exit cuſtos exercitus alis.
An pugnam meditatur? eo res cardine verti
Tota ſuas Europa *videt ſecura futuri.*
Sed quæ Terra poteſt, dignum victricibus armis,
Hochſtadii *poſt fata, novum præbere laborem?*
Quâ regione iterum fugientes ſternere Gallos
Clade paras, anniq; tui complere Trophæa?

Where

Where the ſwoln *Rhine* ruſhing with all its Force
Divides the Hoſtile Nations in its Courſe,
While Each contracts its Bounds, or wider grows
Enlarg'd or ſtraiten'd as the River flows,
On *Gallia*'s Side a mighty Bulwark ſtands,
That all the wide extended Plain commands
Twice, ſince the War was kindled, has it try'd
The Victor's Rage, and twice has chang'd its Side;
As oft whole Armies, with the Prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long Summer on its Walls employ'd.

Quà Pater in præceps fundit ſeſe omnibus undis
Rhenus, *et hoſtiles tumemacto vortice Gentes*
Dividit, in ſortes torquens nunc cornua Gallos,
Nunc et Germanos *torvâ cervice repellens;*
Aſt illi extendunt Fines, reprimúntq; viciſſim,
Vt volvit ſeſe ſinuoſo tramite Flumen.
Gallorum *in tractu vaſtis Arx alta minatur*
Molibus, opportuna loco, circúmq; tuetur
Planitiem, longéq; hoſtes è finibus arcet.
Illa ex quo bellum erupit, ſæva omnia Martis,
Ferrum, ignem, triſtémq; famem, faſtúſq; ſuperbi
Victoris, bis capta tulit, totiéſq; recepta.
Ingentes acies toties ſub mœnibus altis
Effudêre animas, contentæ et Funera tanta
Æſtatéſq; omnes tali mercede paciſci.

Hither our mighty Chief his Arms directs,
Hence future Triumphs from the War expects;
And, tho' the Dog-ſtar had its Courſe begun,
Carries his Arms ſtill nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious Action, he forgets
The Change of Seaſons, and Increaſe of Heats:
No Toils are painful that can Danger ſhow,
No Climes unlovely that contain a Foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own Bounds reſtrain'd,
Learns to Encamp within his Native Land;
But ſoon as the Victorious Hoſt he ſpies,
From Hill to Hill, from Stream to Stream he flies
Such dire Impreſſions in his Heart remain
Of *Marlbro*'s Sword, and *Hockſtet*'s fatal Plain:

Brutigenûm huc Ductor victricibus impiger armis
Advolat ; hinc alios ſpondet Fortuna triumphos.
Latratúq; licét jam cuncta accenderat aſtra
Sirlus, *arma movet rurſus,* Solíq; *propinquat.*
Magno operi intentus, nihil ille aut noxia curat
Sydera, creſcentéſve æſtus mutabilis Anni
Pulchrior apparet mediis quæ ſepta peric'lis
Palma, placet ſic omne ſolum, quod continet hoſtem.

Interea Gallus, *toties impunè vagatus,*
Ipſe ſuos diſcit intrà conſidere Fines ;
Verùm ubi jam Britones *monuit Speculator adeſſe*
Montes poſt montes, fluvios, poſt flumina, linquit ;
Tranſmittitq; fugâ Sylvas ; nulla ampliùs armis,
Objicibúſve fides ; ſic altâ mente reſidit
Malburii *mucro, et* Blenhemmæ *vulnus adactum ;*

In vain *Britannia*'s mighty Chief beſets
Their ſhady Coverts, and obſcure Retreats;
They fly the Conqueror's approaching Fame,
That bears the Force of Armies in his Name.

Auſtria's Young Monarch, whoſe Imperial Sway
Scepters and Thrones are deſtin'd to obey,
Whoſe boaſted Anceſtry ſo high extends
That in the Pagan Gods his Lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in Gratitude to own
The great Supporter of his Father's Throne:
What Tides of Glory to his Boſom ran,
Claſp'd in th' Embraces of the God-like Man?
How were his Eyes with pleaſing Wonder fixt,
To ſee ſuch Fire with ſo much Sweetneſs mixt,
Such eaſie Greatneſs, ſuch a graceful Port,
So turn'd and finiſh'd for the Camp or Court!

Interea

Intereà umbroſas hinc illinc milite Sylvas
Nequicquam obſidet, caligantéſq; receſſus;
Famam adventantis fugiunt vim mille Cohortum,
Pluribus haud impar, ſolo qui nomine portat.

Auſtriacus *Juvenis, cui mox ſua Fata regendum*
Debent, Romanus *quicquid complectitur* Orbis;
Qui numerans abavos, longámq; ab origine Gentem
Sanguinis Auctores Gentilia *Numina jactat,*
En! longinquus adeſt, avidus contingere Dextram
Præſidium lapſi Imperii, Patríſq; Suíq;
Illuſtri Juveni, pleno quæ Gaudia Fluctu
Ampla in corda ruunt, dum Tu, *Dîs proxime Ductor,*
Fuſus in amplexus collo circundaris alto!
Nunc oculos, nunc ille manus, nunc ora ferentem
Miratur; Quis Frontis honos! qui greſſus eunti,
Membrorumq; modus Marti *formatus et* Aulæ!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry Grace,
And *Nireus* ſhone but in the ſecond Place;
Thus the great Father of Almighty *Rome*
Divinely ſtuſht with an Immortal Bloom,
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant Breath beſtow'd,
In all the Charms of his bright Mother glow'd.

The Royal Youth by *Marlbro*'s Preſence charm'd,
Taught by his Counſels, by his Actions warm'd,
On *Landau* with redoubl'd Fury falls,
Diſcharges all his Thunder on its Walls,
O'er Mines and Caves of Death provokes the Fight,
And learns to Conquer in the Heroe's ſight.

The *Britiſh* Chief, for mighty Toils renown'd,
Increas'd in Titles, and with Conqueſts crown'd,

Sic Thetis *alma ſuum quondam formabat* Achillem,
Et radiabat avus Nereus *et* Mater *in uno*;
Sic Pater ille ingens Teucrûm Trojæq; *Repertor,*
Cui pulchra ipſa ſuos Cytherea *afflârat honores,*
Maternis radiis, et pleno Numine fulſit.

Malburii *eloquiis, magnóq; allectus amore,*
Conſilio inſtructus, celſiſq; accenſus ob Auſis,
Landaviæ *Juvenis geminatis viribus inſtat:*
Nunc tota in ruptos diſplodit Fulmina muros;
Tranſilit hîc foveas numeroſâ morte repletas;
Nunc valli per hiulca ruens pugnam urget iniquam,
Heroíſq; ipſo in conſpectu vincere diſcit.

Is, plus quam Herculeis *circum celeberrimus Actis,*
Velatus lauru, tituliſq; et honoribus auctus,

To *Belgian* Coasts his tedious March renews,
And the long Windings of the *Rhine* pursues,
Clearing its Borders from Usurping Foes,
And blest by rescu'd Nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire Alarms,
And *Traerbach* feels the Terror of his Arms,
Seated on Rocks her proud Foundations shake,
While *Marlbrô* presses to the bold Attack,
Plants all his Batt'ries, bids his Cannon roar,
And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near Approach, Great *Louis* fears

Ad Batavos *remeat per tædia longa viarum,*
Adventûs rumore arcens è finibus hoſtem,
Dum Rheni *ſequitur tortis anfractibus amnem.*
Vtq; per aſſertas incedit Lauriger urbes,
Mœnibus effuſus Populus circùm omnis euntem
Proſequitur votis levitérq; tumentibus undis
Applaudit Fluvius ripâ jam liber utrâq;
Protinus exuitur Trevirorum *Arx alta peric'lis,*
Dum montana timet reſcindi ex ſedibus imis,
Nequicquam ſcopulis Tarbaccha *innixa ſuperbis:*
Sic circum caſtella fremit, ſic intonat armis
Omnigenis, crebríſq; aditus aſſultibus urget
Malburius, *monſtrátq viam, quâ protinus omnis*
Landavia *effundi planum potuiſſet in æquor.*
Tum primùm Lodoicem *ipſum propriore peric'lo*

Vengeance reſerv'd for his declining Years,
Forgets his Thirſt of Univerſal Sway,
And ſcarce can teach his Subjects to Obey;
His Arms he finds on vain Attempts employ'd,
Th' Ambitious Projects for his Race deſtroy'd,
The Work of Ages ſunk in One Campaign,
And Lives of Millions Sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' Effects of *ANNA*'s Royal Cares:
By Her, *Brittannia*, great in Foreign Wars,
Ranges through Nations, whereſoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted Aid of Sea and Wind.
By Her th' unfetter'd *Iſter*'s States are free,
And taſte the Sweets of *Engliſh* Liberty.
But who can tell the Joys of thoſe that lye

Attonitum vidêre ſui, fruſtráq; vocantem
Concilia: incertus ſenii, et quam Fata reſervant
In pœnam, Mundi non ultrà aſpirat Habenas,
Contentus parere ſuos: Ecce acrior illum
Angit cura domi, retrò fluere acta videntem,
Spêſq; Domûs tantas, et quæ per ſecula crevit
Imperii moles, uno vix menſe, revelli;
Mactariq; ſuæ tot fructrà millia Famæ.

Hæc effecta dedit curis regalibus ANNA;
Scilicet ut penetret populos utcúnq; repos'tos,
Victrix externis Regina Britannia *bellis,*
Nec maris auxilio, ut quondam, nec flamine ſertur.
Hujus et auſpiciis, jam primùm Gentibus Iſtri
Arriſit ruptis Libertas Anglica *vinc'lis.*
Ut verò illorum Saturnia *ſecula dicam,*

Beneath the conſtant Influence of Her Eye!
Whilſt in diffuſive Show'rs Her Bounties fall,
Like Heav'ns Indulgence, and deſcend on All,
Secure the Happy, ſuccour the Diſtreſt,
Make ev'ry Subject Glad, and a whole People Bleſt.

Thus would I fain *Britannia*'s Wars rehearſe,
In the ſmooth Records of a faithful Verſe;
That, if ſuch Numbers can o'er Time prevail,
May tell Poſterity the wond'rous Tale.
When Actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries muſt be taught to ſpeak;

Intuitu

Intuitu refovet præſens quos ANNA diurno!
Imbribus effuſis Solio diſtillat ab alto
Copia, propitii velut Indulgentia Cæli:
Succurrit miſeris, felices protegit, omnes
Una beat, Regniſq; facit ſua propria Dona.

Hactenus, ut potui, deducto Prælia verſu
Brutigenûm, *Laudeſq;* Annæ, Patriæq; *Trumphos*
Perſtrinxi, Tabuliſq; velim committere fidis:
Scilicet ut poſcant (ſiqua hæc mea Carmina vivant)
Tanta Exempla Patrum non Inferiora Minores.
Materiam Vates jejunam nactus, ut ornet,
Cogitur accerſire Deos, Barathrúmq; *movere:*
Nunc Heroa monent tacitâ ſub nocte Penates,
In Divam nunc verſa Ratis, Geniiq; Locorum
Apparent, Urbeſq; loqui Terræq; docentur;

Gods may deſcend in Factions from the Skies.
And Rivers from their Oozy Beds ariſe;
Fiction may deck the Truth with ſpurious Rays,
And round the Heroe caſt a borrow'd Blaze.
Marlbro's Exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly ſhine in their own Native Light;
Rais'd of themſelves, their genuin Charms they boaſt,
And thoſe who Paint 'em trueſt Praiſe 'em moſt.

F I N I S.

Aut aliquis Fluvius limoſo ſurgit ab Alveo,
Populeis notus ſertis, et lumine glauco;
Deſcenditq; Polus Diis auxiliaribus omnis;
Perſonata nothis radiis, per ſecula, fićto
Scilicet Æneæ lambantur tempora nimbo:
At proprio fulgore micant, nil indiga fuci,
Viq; ſuâ ſeſe genuinâ ad ſydera tollunt,
Malburius *quæ facta manu pulcherrima geſſit,*
Laudat et is meliùs cultu qui ſimplice pingit.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAg. 15. Lin. 1. Lege *et Moſam.* pag. 19. lin. 10. lege *averſos.* pag. 21. lin. 4. lege *rigidi.* lin. 13. lege *habenæ.* pag. 51. lin. 13. lege *margine.* pag. 57. lin. 4. lege *tranſire.*